

### TERMS

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From the New York Mirror.

### NOTHING TRUE BUT HEAVEN.

"Farewell the tranquil mind."

JUAN was a fine, dashing, noble fellow, as ever wooed or won a woman. There was nothing mean in his disposition, but his fault was rather in the other extreme; for he was romantic, impetuous, and eternally animated by vivid and ungovernable feeling. I think he would not have knelt to the great Mogul, to have saved his neck from the bow-string; and he often wondered why, to match his spirit, fate had not given him the wings of an eagle, and the strength of a lion. In such a case, he would have raised a pretty racket, indeed, when his blood was up? for, although his nature was full of sweetness, yet, arouse him, and it changed like a soft spring day, when the tempests shroud the heavens in darkness, and spreads ruin over the earth. Men of his temperament are very apt to fall in love. They will love any thing for the want of a better. A female figure, with the slightest pretensions to beauty—expressive eyes, sweet lips, and sunny forehead—a soft voice and a gentle touch, make sad havoc among their reasonable ideas, even where there is no wit to enchant, or intellect to gain the sanction of their prudence. But, O woman!—when to the fascinations of loveliness are added virtue, modesty, grace, and education—when sweet lips breathe out smart replies, and flashing eyes beam with feeling—when the workings of the heart are made almost visible by the blushes of the cheek, and the snowy hand traces fair sentiments in characters as fair; if heaven had formed me one of these harum-scarum fellows, I could almost wish never to set eyes on you again.

A creature like this—for we know there are such—had been flung at, first by accident; and afterwards by design, into Juan's society. It was his first love. It had risen into rapture, and been indulged in, with an enthusiasm which admitted of no restraint. She was pretty enough—for, although there was nothing extraordinary in her appearance, one scarcely knew when to withdraw his eyes from her soft and faultless complexion; her ringlets flowing so freely around her snowy neck—her speaking, sparkling eyes; her cheeks, where health seemed contending with pleasure—and her mouth, changing with ever-varying expressions of her lively fancy and her affectionate heart. He was as excellent in his manly face and form, as she in her girlish beauty, and if he had gazed upon her, and followed her graceful figure, with an emotion of deep tenderness, she, too, had been conscious of thoughts new, pleasing, and not to be repressed, as she observed his handsome countenance, and listened to the words which fell so eloquently from lips almost as expressive as her own.

It was now the travelling season of summer. The heat of the city, and the general languor of business, induced many to steal a brief and merry visit to the green fields, and among the breezy mountains; and, picking up all that can awake mirth, or contribute to pleasure, they embark on board magnificent barges, for scenes almost as beautiful as any in the world.

One afternoon, a very gay party came laughing and chatting along in their carriages to the bright Hudson, and were soon the merriest of all the crowds that thronged the deck of the Lady Clinton. Among them, and the happiest of them all, were Julia and Juan. Many acquaintances they met, and much they observed to excite interest among some hundreds of both sexes, crowded good naturedly together—all flying from business, all bent on pleasure. How variously fortune issues her decrees! This kind and happy multitude, thus exchanging every office of benevolence, might, by circumstances which have often before occurred, have been arrayed against each other in the angry battle, anxious to stoop their hands in blood. So much is man the creature of circumstances. But they were now destined to a better enterprise. The banners are flying—the music is playing—handkerchiefs wave here and there from parting friends—and sweet young voices are calling farewell, with a mixture of merriment and melancholy at which we scarcely know whether to laugh or weep.

And now the huge engine commences its labor—the dock, crowded with citizens, recedes rapidly from the sight. The giant vessel ploughs her restless journey along the noble sheet of water, with its track of white billows behind, and the foam dancing at the bow. As the wide, busy, and roaring city lessens, house, steeple, cupola, and dome are gone—and woods and fields are around, and farm-houses with their pleasant objects, the cattle lowing from the shore, and the sloping green hills, brightened with the farewell rays of the sun, all appear, and pass away like visions of the fancy.

And now the sun is hastening to his repose, and seems wearied as he seeks his couch among the western clouds; while the round moon, so often gazed at by the melancholy, and invoked by the inspired, beneath whose pensive smile, lovers, poets, the solitary and the frolicsome, of all ages and climes, have wondered, and then passed away, that has seen so many stupendous enterprises ruined, so many fair cities, with their thousands and millions, melt away like a dream, that has shone on so many of the beautiful and the endeared, on whose graves it now shines, and that now sees so many happy, who it will soon see no more, the changing, yet immortal queen of night, already rose above the horizon.

And now evening came gradually over the face of things; and the great earth, as if tired with the ardour of day, seemed turning to the softness and silence of night. As the clouds in the western heavens lost their gorgeous hues, and all the objects became tinged with the moonlight, the passengers betook themselves to their various occupations. The men, lighting their segars, collected in groups here and there, and talked of politics, trade, and all the common-place topics of the traveller's conversation. The ladies, with their gallants, were also busy, walking, chatting, and laughing, reviving old jokes, and inventing new, admiring the scenery and thus beguiling time.

Juan and Julia, in all this variety of pleasure, were together. Unconsciously, they wandered arm in arm, where there were the fewest people to interrupt their walk or their conversation. They were very happy, and each thought that this was a night which they never could forget. Young folks are so strange in their feeling, there is so little experience and reflection about them, that often they indulge in hours of bliss unknown to the aged and wise; and these make life, desolate and cheating as it is, dear enough to them. It has sometimes been a question with me, which is the preferable situation that of the philosopher, whose penetration sees through the seeming surface of things, and always distinguishes the reality from imagination; or the child of simplicity and enthusiasm, who is deceived into the enjoyment of delight, which charm only because he does not comprehend them. If I possessed the power of living a thousand years, and advancing with uniform progress in the paths of wisdom, certainly I should ever seek the naked truth. I should discard every consolation not founded on immutable principles of nature, and thus endeavor to adopt myself to the world, as to become, at length a wise and happy man. But life is so fleeting and subject to so many miseries by which it may be embittered, and accidents by which it may be destroyed; the world is so replete with wickedness, ignorance and pain, that I am inclined to envy the boy who knows nothing of it, except that it is a bright scene of dreamy enchantments, the prospect of which inspires him with confidence and hope.

However the reader may determine this question, we may be sure that the youth, with the maiden hanging familiarly, and sometimes affectionately, on his arm, enjoy a degree of pleasure which not often falls to our lot; and which he exhibited no wish to reject, until he had examined its foundation. Their bosoms were full of emotions, yet their tongues could find no words to give them utterance.

"It is a beautiful night," said Juan.  
"It is, indeed, a beautiful night," echoed Julia; and then they looked into each other's eyes, and then they were silent.  
"If every night could be like this!" said Juan.

"Oh, if it could!" sighed Julia.  
"I have read of philosophers," said Juan, gaining strength by repeated efforts, and swallowing the obstruction which had swollen into his throat—"I have read of philosophers who declared there was no such thing as true happiness in the world."  
"They could not have studied human nature in all its varieties," answered Julia.

"And they have asserted," continued he, "that true affection was not to be found."

"They were mistaken, indeed," replied Julia. "They were never happy, because—"  
"Because," interrupted Juan, they never loved."

She blushed, and looked down. Juan

caught the fire of his subject, and resumed—

"The metaphysicians of the world are fools. They judge from partial views, and imagine the pain and mortification which their folly and vanity have entailed upon them, to be the common lot of humanity. Because a few things are false—because the rainbow melts in a moment, and the hues and forms of the cloud change with the wind—because spring flowers fade, and summer-leaves wither and fall off, they deem all the joys and affections which heaven has given to bless the path of life, equally false and fleeting. But as for me, I am sure I have found the true secret of happiness. Many think they have it, who find themselves, in the end, bitterly disappointed, but I am sure, because nature and experience unite in convincing me that I am right."

Julia looked up into his face with an inquiring air, and her image thus before him, with her beautiful and expressive countenance, and her confiding and familiar manner, encouraged him to proceed.

"I have examined many means of happiness," he continued; "I have followed the sailor in his wanderings, and the soldier through his wars; but the privations of the one overbalanced his reward, and the emptiness of distant and unseen fame was no recompense for the toils and dangers of the other. Avarice is a mean passion, and ambition a vain one. In the shortness of existence, I cannot find in my heart to compress all the high feelings and restless energies of my nature into the service of the first, and all the pomp and noise of the passing world cannot repay me for the selfishness of the last. Even knowledge is a pursuit which soon tires the fancy, and often deadens the warmer affections. The more we learn, the less we prize the common pleasures of society; and when we have flung down all that is sweet and dear to us, at the gloomy shrine of science, we again, in turn, but glance into an abyss which we know can never be fathomed. But, in the exercise of the affections, dear Julia, happiness is at length grasped."

Almost surprised at his own boldness, he took her unresisting hand, white and beautiful as it was, and pressed it to his lips, and, having introduced this insignificant gesture, by way of semicolon into his discourse, he proceeded—

"We have it in our souls—it revels in our hearts—it soothes down the rugged feelings which spring up in the contemplation of this reckless life—it pervades our thoughts and actions. The pernicious fascinations of false pleasure can no longer lure us from the quiet paths of peace; and the heart develops itself in this general element, as a rose unfolds its leaves when the morning dew washes it, and the sun almost gives it life."

As he finished speaking, the company were eagerly attracted to the opposite side of the deck, to view a mountain, considered as a great curiosity. But if it had been high Olympus, Juan and his companion would not have taken their gaze from each other, though at every glance they might have embibed the inspiration of the muses. As he drew the blushing and bashful girl towards him, and overcoming her slight and graceful resistance, imprinted a long and delicious kiss upon her lips, the first pure kiss of love, the bashful moon hid her face behind a cloud, and the very breeze heaved a sympathetic whisper, as if sharing in an emotion as soft and passing as itself.

As the light again came down on the scene and the company were once more scattered over the deck, the persevering vessel was yet plowing its way along the river, and the water yet foamed, and the music played, and the sensible old gentlemen were still at their politics and trade, blowing out repeated puffs of tobacco smoke, as if nothing had happened.

Time travels as if recked not of the interest of man; for our happiest, as our saddest moments, are borne rapidly away.

That sweet night, with all its little unspeakable adventures, was soon numbered among the hours that were passed forever; and as it lapsed away, and lessend in the distance, pensive memory only was left to dream it over, and repeat how delicious it was. The same rapidity of time is well enough on ordinary occasions, and many, very many, behold its swift flight with delight; but if one might discover a method of arresting it in its pleasant humors, what a merry world this would be! Often, I confess, if any exertions of mine could have accelerated its passage, I should have labored at the most wearisome task; but there have been moments of content so complete—of joy so pure and so perfect—that my fancy in its farthest soaring, can see nothing more heavenly. But sweet, swift meteors in the atmosphere of the mind, burn out with their own fires, and it were a vain attempt for me to describe the clouds that come, one after another, to overshadow it with gloom.

The Lady Clinton soon rested by the long dock before the bustling city of Albany, and miles were between the members of the gay party who had followed the bent of their various inclinations. Some to the falls of Niagara, some to Lake George, and some to Lebanon

springs, to drink of the life-inspiring waters, and peep at the demure quakers, whose clean, neat settlement is near the hotel. To the latter place went our friends, with the intention of passing a few days of uninterrupted pleasure. But who shall read the book of fate? What cruel sport fortune enjoys, in raising a world of joy and beauty in the path of the ever-cheated mortal, and in reducing it to nothing, just when he believes it most inevitably his!

The very evening after their arrival, there was a ball. Of course, they were there. Never was Juan so happy. Never did Julia look so beautiful; indeed, few hesitated to pronounce her the loveliest of all the crowd who were there assembled: and, of course, the band bucks, arrayed in their superfluous, advanced as candidates for her smiles, animated with all the great ambition of fashion. Julia in particular, met an acquaintance in a young gentleman, rich and handsome, and celebrated by his talents, as well as his virtuous character and amiable and affectionate disposition. An invitation to dance with him, Julia could not refuse; and, as he led her to their place, and stood whispering in her ear, while his deep black eyes seemed to flash with joy of her hopes, and his witty remarks continually called up the most enchanting smiles upon her lip, Juan thought he had never seen a man more calculated to win woman's affection, and more likely to retain and deserve it. His heart beat quick—his cheek glowed with a strangely dissatisfied feeling—and his hands were clenched with an energy which subjected him to notice. Perceiving this, and willing to believe that he suffered only the natural effects of a warm, and perhaps, a jealous disposition, he walked forth to struggle against his melancholy feelings, and recovery, in solitude, his tranquility.

As the entertainment was given in the hotel where they lodged, he entered a deserted parlor, and called up all the evidences of affection which he had received from her who was dearer to him than ever, now that he seemed in danger of losing her. He remembered, last night, the smile, the kiss, the look that accompanied it; and with re-established confidence in his own power over her heart, he flung his fears away, and was about to return to the dancing-room, when a slight scuffle attracted his notice. He paused, and, from the dark shadow of the room, perceived Julia in some haste, and yet in excellent spirits; while her partner, her hated, impudent partner, had seized her hand, and arrested her flight. She whispered, "Not again George, they will miss us, I am sure they will!"

"One—only one," interrupted her companion; and smothered at once her laughter and her remonstrances. Juan, with an agony of heart, heard the rude kiss again, and they were gone.

He stood thunderstruck, till the last sound of her retreating steps died away. His next impulse was to rush forth into the air.

The moon was no longer to be seen—and all those bright stars, which on the preceding evening, had shed their light upon him in bliss, were wrapt in clouds. The scene itself was dark and dreary—a few sprinkles of rain fell upon his uncovered head, and then the wind whistled mournfully along like the sigh of grief and despair. In spite of his manhood, tears gushed into his eyes; and at the moment the sound of music and the dance came from an open window; a mingling of happy voices, careless of his misery; and he thought he heard the soft sweet tones of Julia in the gaiety of her soul, unconscious of the pang which she had inflicted. He turned away; and, as his eye fell upon the black sky and desolate-looking earth, he strode along rapidly, he knew not whither, exclaiming—"The philosophers and moralists were right; there is no real happiness; there is no true affection!"

### SCENES IN HAVANA, IN 1822.

It was lately stated in the papers, that General Tacon, the Governor of Cuba had been recalled by the Spanish. This report, which however proved to be unfounded, gave rise to regret, on the part of those who have been familiar with the police regulations of Havana for some years past; and are aware of the great and important changes, which General Tacon introduced soon after his accession to office—by which the lives and properties of foreigners as well as citizens, are rendered comparatively safe—and gaming and other vices of magnitude, have received a salutary check.

General Tacon is deserving of much credit for the firmness and judgment which he has evinced in purifying the moral atmosphere of Cuba. But it may be questioned whether he should be complimented at the expense of his predecessor.—When General Vives was appointed to the office of Governor General of Cuba, some twelve or fifteen years ago, the condition of the police—and of the morals of the people, were at the lowest ebb. The coast was lined with pirates, whose blood-thirsty depredations received no check from the civil authorities—robber-

ries were frequent in the harbor as well as on shore—gangs of armed ruffians boldly parading the streets and attacking dwellings where money or jewels were deposited—or boarding some vessels at anchor, in the night, and carrying off every thing valuable, and perhaps wounding or murdering some of the crew. Assassinations were frequent in the streets of Havana—and bands of mounted brigands would sometimes enter the city from the interior—and commit acts of violence and rapine frequently without molestation; but sometimes they would be opposed by the city guard, and sanguinary engagements would take place in the streets of Havana.—Scarcely a morning passed that the dead body of some helpless being could not be seen, with a deep wound inflicted by a stiletto or spanish knife, in the bosom, exposed in front of the Cathedral, that it might be recognized by some individual and conveyed to his friends to receive the rites of sculture.

When Mr. Vives was appointed to the Government of the Island, he displayed an energy of character and a disposition to reform abuses, which reflects upon his character the highest honor. The system of piracy was broken up—the brigands were exterminated—and life and property became comparatively safe. He did much towards establishing an efficient police—and although after he had carried his improvements to a certain point, he suffered his energies to relax—yet as he was the means of effecting an astonishing change in the moral as well as civil condition of the people, and did it at a great personal risk—his name should always be mentioned with respect by the inhabitants of Cuba, and all foreigners, who enjoyed the benefits of his praiseworthy conduct.

We happened to be in Havana during the summer of 1822, a short time before General Vives assumed the reigns of the Government—and the cases of a shameful violation of all laws, human and divine, both nightly and daily, covertly and openly, were numerous and appalling. We will relate a few instances, that our readers may see, that when Vives was appointed to the office of Governor General of Cuba, he could not boast of having obtained a sinecure.

An American Shipmaster belonging to Boston, had occasion to visit the Reglas, an island in the harbor, from whence molasses, honey, &c. are generally furnished to American vessels. Being a stranger, he landed at the wrong quay, and left his boat, to go to the head of the wharf to make enquiries. He had hardly turned the corner when he was seized by the collar, by two ferocious looking men, one of whom held a knife to his throat—making at the same time, some expressive though by no means graceful gestures, but without speaking a word. A third very adroitly took possession of his watch, turned his pocket inside out, and picked up a few half doubloons, a pencil case, &c, which had fallen from them. His coat, of fine broadcloth, and hat, a handsome drab—were next doomed to change proprietors—when with the finishing ceremony of a sturdy kick, *en derriere*, he was dismissed, and returned chopper-fallen to his boat, to the great astonishment of his crew; having been absent less than five minutes.

Several American gentlemen undertook one afternoon to make an excursion along the beach to the eastward of Moro Castle in search of marine shells, which were said to be abundant in that place. As this beach is distant two or three miles from Havana—and there being hardly any inhabitants in the neighborhood, they anticipated no rude and inhospitable treatment, and left the different vessels, which they commanded, or which they regarded as their temporary home, well dressed personable looking men, in fine spirits and ready for any frolic. They returned in about two hours almost in a state of nature; having met with a band of ugly looking fellows, who did not take the trouble to examine their pockets, but stripped them, with the exception of a single garment, of all their clothes. In this state they were compelled to return to the landing place, nearest to one of the ships, an object of much curiosity to the few Spanish women and children whom they met; and when the boat landed they returned on board, with woe-begone countenances and saddened hearts, wiser if not better for the result of their researches in that branch of Natural History called Conchology.

Several instances occurred during that summer of vessels, anchored at the Reglas taking in cargoes of molasses, being attacked and plundered in the night by the hands of piratical wretches. In every instance the crews made their escape by swimming, or concealed themselves in the hold and were not discovered. These vessels were of course unarmed, which circumstance was known to the pirates, whose cowardice was as remarkable as their propensity for villainy. A brig belonging to some port in Maine, was laying at the Reglas, when one morning about three o'clock, the watch hastened below with the alarming intelligence that a boat filled with spaniards was coming alongside. In a moment afterwards they were on deck, and the officers and crew